THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1889.

JOSHUA:

A STORY OF THE EXODUS.

BY GEORG EBERS. Author of "UARDA," "SERAPIS," Etc.

(NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.)



But the old man to

whom the words were spoken shook his shaven head.

"But up here you will get no rest." "And the stars? Or even below; rest, in such times as these? Throw my cloak over me. Rest, in such a fearful night!" "You are so cold; and your hand and the instrument shake."

"Then steady my arm." The lad willingly obeyed the request; but

after a short space he exclaimed: "It is all in vain. Star after star is swallowed up in black clouds. Ah, and the bitter cry of the city come up. Nay, it comes from our own house. I am sick at heart, grand/ather; only feel how hot my head is. Come down, perchance they need help."

"That is in the hands of the gods, and my place is here. But there, there, eternal gods! Look to the north across the lake! No, more to the westward. They come from the city of the dead!"

"Oh, grandfather, father, there!" cried

Gosben. As he spoke he drew away his shoulder on which the old man was leaning. "There, there! Is the sea swallowing up the land? Have the clouds fallen on the earth to surge to and fro? Oh, grandfather, may the immortals have many! the preham to surge to and fro? Oh, grandfather, may the immortals have many! They are grouning as they seek the way to the desert."

"To the fire!" cried the elder. "Flame, purify them; water, cleanse them!"

"The youth joined in the old priest's form immortals have mercy! the nether world is of exorcism, and while they chanted it in yawning! The great scrpent Apep is come unison the trap door was lifted which led to forth from the city of the dead! It comes rolling past the temple. I see it, I hear it! The great Hebrew's threat is being fulfilled! Our race will be cut off from the earth.
The serpent! Its head is set toward the Southeast. It will surely swallow up the young sun when it rises in the morning!"
The old man's eye tollowed the direction of the youth's finger, and he, too, could dis-cern that a vast, black mass, whose outline was lost in the darkness, came rolling

through the gloom, and he, too, heard with a shudder the creature's low roar. Both stood with eye and ear alert, staring into the night; but the star-gazer's eye was fixed not upward, but down, across the city But when the boy, trembling with fever fixed not upward, but down, across the city to the distant sea and level plain. Over-bead all was silent, and yet not all at rest, for the wind swept the dark clouds into shapeless masses in one place, while in another it rent the gray shroud and scattered

The moon was not visible to mortal ken. but the clouds played bide and seck with the bright Southern stars, now covering them, and now giving their rays free pas-



granite sides of obelisks in the temple pregranite sides of obelisks in the temple pre-cincts and the gilt copper root of the King's siry palace; and again, lake and river, the umns, colossal statues and obelisks in the sails in the harbor, the sanctuaries and streets of the city, and the palm-strewn plain surrounding it, were all lost in gloom, above, and in the midst of his woe a bitter

Objects which the eye tried to rest on vanished in an instant, and it was the same | this night lacked the honors that were their with the sounds that met the ear. For a while the silence would beas deep as though all life, far and near, were husbed or dead and then a piercing shrick of woe rent the stillness of the night. And then, broken by longer or shorter pauses, that roar was heard which the youthful priest had taken for the voice of the serpent of the nether world; and to that the grandather and grandson At this time a grand procession marched istened with growing excitement.

The dusky shape, whose ceaseless movements could be clearly made out whenever

quicker to recover himself, and his keen and practiced eye soon discerned that it was not a single gigantic form which was rising from the necropolis to cross the plain, but a multitude of moving creatures who seemed to be surging or swaving to and from the to be surging or swaying to and fro on the meadow land. Nor did the hollow hum and wailing come up from one particular spot, but was audible now nearer and now more remote. Anon he fancied that it was rising from the bosom of the earth, and then

again that it fell from some airy height.

Fresh terror came upon the old astrologer He seized his grandson's hand in his right hand, and pointing with his left to the city of the dead, he cried in a trembling voice: "The dead are too many in number. The when its bed is too narrow for the waters of the south. How they swarm and sway and surge on! How they part, hither and thither. These are the ghosts of the thousands whom black death hath snatched away, blasted by the Hebrew's curse, and sent up. blasted by the Hebrew's curse, and sent un-buried, unprotected from corruption, to de-scend the rungs of the ladder which leads to the world without end."

to the world without end."
"Yea, it is they!" cried the other, in full belief. He snatched his hand from the old man's grasp, and struck his fevered and burning brow, exclaiming, though hardly the youth, a priestly neophyte, who was lending his aid to an elder whose grandson he was, the chief astrologer of Amon-Ra.

They were standing on the watchtower of them on the land again, and the blessed sea, and its waters spew them out and cast them on the land again, and the blessed the temple of the god at Tanis, the capital earth rejects them and drives them into the of the Pharaohs, in the north of the land of air. The pure ether of Shoo flings them air.

purify them; water, cleanse them!"

The youth joined in the old priest's form this observatory on the top of the highest gate of the temple, and a priest of humble grade cried to the old man:

"Cease thy labors. Who cares now for the stars of heaven when all that has life is being darkened on earth?" The old priest listened speechless, till the messenger went on to say that it was the as-

rologer's wife who had sent for him, and then he gasped out: "Hora? Is my son then likewise stricken?" The priest then bent his head, and both

his hearers wept bitterly, for the old man was bereft of his first-born son, and the lad

fell sick and sorrowing on his grandfather's breast, the elder hardily freed himself from his embrace and went to the trap door; for al-though the priest had announced himself as the messenger of death, it needs more than the bare word of another to persuade a father to give up all hope of life for his child. The old man went quickly down the stone stairs, through the lofty halls and wide courts of the temple, and the lad followed him, although his shaking knees could scarcely carry his fevered frame. The blow which had fallen within his own little circle had made the old man forget the fearful portent which threatened the whole world perhaps with ruin; but the boy could not get rid of the vision, so when he had passed the first court and was in sight of the outermost pylons, to his terrified and anxious soul it seemed as though the shadows of the obelisks were spinning round, while the two stone statues of King Rameses on the corner piers of the great gate beat time with the crook in his hand.

Or di

Suddenly he collected himself and shouted in his heart.
Who could it be who was arriving at so

there was a constant change from pallid light to blackest darkness. Now the glitter of the heavenly bodies flashed brightly granite sides of obelicht.

great court, looked up, in obedience to the habits of a livetime, at the starry heavens smile parted his sunken lips, for the gods

For on this night-the first after the new moon in the month of Pharmutee-the sanctuary in former years was wont to be gay with garlands of flowers. At the dawn of

through the city to the river and haroor, as prescribed by the Book of the Divine Birth

till they should know the opinion of the prophet of Amon, their leader drew up his majestic figure, and said deliberately:

"All who wear priests' robes remain to pray with me. The people are the instrument of heaven, and it is theirs to repay. the vast court, which till now had been but dimly lighted by a few lamps. Could they be so mad as to think that the glad festival might be held in spite of the nameless hor-We stay here to pray for success to their

might be held in spite of the nameless horrors of the past night.

Only the evening before the priests in
council had determined that during this
pittless pestilence the temples were to be
left unadorned and processions to be prohibited. By noon yesterday many had
failed to attend, because the plague had
fallen on their households, and the terror
had now come into this year, sanctuary CHAPTER II.

Baie, the second prophet of Amon, who acted as deputy for the now infirm old head prophet and high priest Ruie, withdrew into the holy of holies, and while the multitude of the inferior ministers of the god proceeded to their various duties, the infuriated

had now come into this very sanctuary, while he, who could read the stars, had town to the strangers' quarter.

As a swollen torrent raging through a valley carries down with it everything in its way, so the throng, as they rushed to their revenge, compelled everyone on their way to join them. Every Egyptian from whom death had snatched his nearest and dearest He turned once more to the suffering boy with tender anxiety, but instantly started to was ready to join the swelling tide, and it grew till it numbered hundreds of thousands. Men, women and children, slaves and free, borne on the wings of their desire to wreak his feet, for the gates were opened wide and the light of torches and lanterns poured into the temple court. A glance at the sky showed him that it was not long past mid-



EGYPTIANS STONING THE ISRAELITES.

night, and yet his fears were surely well grounded—these must be the priests crowd-ing into the temple to prepare for the har-yest festival.

Not so. For when had they come to the sanctuary for this purpose chanting and in procession? Nor were these all servants of the divinity. The populace had joined them. In that solemn litany he could hear the shrill wailing of women mingled with wild cries of despair such as he had never before, in the course of a long life, heard within these consecrated

the ground. A convulsion distorted his features and tossed his slender frame to and fro in frantic spasms; and the old many senses deceive him? Was it the grouning horde of unresting souls which he had seen from the observatory who were crowding into the sancture.

fro in frantic spasms; and the old man, talling on his knees, while he guarded the curly head from striking the hard stone flags, moaned in a low voice: "Now it has ments repeated the formula against the malice of evil spirits; but he presently malice of evil spirits; but he presently dropped his hands, for he marked among the throng some friends who yesterday, at any rate, had been in the land of the living. solation in prayer. Then he heard a sound of voices from the avenue of sphinxes leading to the great gate, and new hope revived to the service of Amon-Ra, the singers and prophet of the god, then the women devoted to the service of Amon-Ra, the singers and the holy fathers, and when at last, behind the astrologers and pastophoroi, he saw his son-in-law, whose home had till yesterday been spared by the plague, he took heart and spoke to him. But his voice was drawed by the song and size of the company o drowned by the song and cries of the coming

multitude. The courtyard was now fully lighted; but everyone was so absorbed in his own sorrow that no one heeded the old astrologer. He snatched the cloak off his own shivering body to make a better pillow for the boy's tossing head, and while he did so, with fatherly care, he could hear among the chanting and wailing of the approaching crowd, first, frantic curses on the Hebrewa crowd, first, frantic curses on the Hebrews, through whom these woes had fallen on Pharaoh and his people, and then, again and again, the name of the heir to the crown, Prince Rameses, and the tone in which it was spoken, and the formulas of mourning added appaning to all who which were added, announced to all who had ears to hear that the eyes of the first-born of the King on his throne were also

sealed in death.

As he gazed with growing anguish in his grandson's pale face the lamentations for the prince rang out a resh and louder than ever, and a faint sense of satisfaction crep into his soul at the impartiality of death ments could be clearly made out whenever the stars shot their beams between the striving clouds, had its beginning out by the city of the dead and the strangers' quarter. A sudden panic had fallen on the

flew to the distant quarter where they

How this artisan had laid hold of a chopper or that housewife had clutched an ax they themselves scarcely knew. They rushed on to kill and destroy, and they had not sought the weapons they needed; they had found them ready to their hand. The first they hoped to fall upon in their

mad fury was Nun, a venerable Hebrew, respected and beloved by many—a man rich in herds, who had done much kindness to the Egyptians; but where hatred and re stands shy and speechless in the back-

huts of the men of his race, to the west of



Bale, the High Priest, Meditates on the Butur of Egypt.

Tanis, the strangers' quarter, and were the nearest of them all to the streets inhabited by the Egyptians themselves.
At this morning hour Nun's flocks and

* Mesu is the Egyptian form of the name o

A FRENCH VINEYARD.

Opera Peasants.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

like to know something about the nectar for

Rheims and Eperusy are the chief places.

PICTURESQUE VAGABONDS. The main road from Paris to Strasbourg is filled with these vine-gatherers, as they call themselves, but thousands of them are vagabonds. The rascals tramp in separate

when their services will be required. Those who hail from Lorraine arrive in four-

wheeled wagons drawn by mules-long carts in which 25 persons manage to pack them-

that is to say, groups of workmen whom he requires to vintage such and such a field

in the shortest time possible. Everyone, then, has a sleeping place allotted to them,

usually in a granary, where a thick bed of

HIRING THE HANDS.

state of the vintage, the weather and the

better paid than are the gatherers of casks are better paid than are the gatherers of grapes, which is easily understood, considering their work is ever so much more fatiguing. Mules fetch 15 or 20 francs the pair, some-times more, and one-horse carts bring about

Engagements made they go to the propri-etor's house, or to that of the overseer, where there are boilers of steaming cabbage

soup emitting an appetizing odor. Ven-dangeurs and vendangeuses sit down to the

table, and soup and bread quickly disap-

WORKING IN THE VINEYARDS.

When all is ready for the start away they

The vines, humid with dew, lie under a

floating mist, which, however, slowly disap-pears with the first rays of sun. "Serpettes"

or knives are drawn; the vintagers gather with the greatest care the grapes, which are

placed in casks, and porters convey them to

At noon they eat dinner. The repast con

in the calm of that same evening are heard

PRESSING THE GRAPES.

Now the pressers come on the scene.

soft voices of women and children.

tint that diminishes its market value.

straw has been laid down.

the same.

ion bunches, is a

France where wine is

made if you would

He went forward with such haste as his old limbs would allow to meet the column of mourners, but before he could join them he saw the gatekeeper and his wife come he saw the gatekeeper and his wife come out of the gatehouse, bearing between them on a mat the corpse of a boy. The husband held one end, his frail, tiny wife held the other, and the stalwart man had to stoop low to keep their stiff burden in a horizontal position that it might not slip down toward the woman. Three children closed the melancholy party, and a little girl holding a lantern led the way.

No one, perhaps, would have observed them but that the gatekeeper's wife shrieked forth her griefs so loudly and shrilly that it Gathering the Grapes That Make the Famous Wines of France. HOW THE PICKERS WORK AND LIVE.

forth her griefs so loudly and shrilly that it was impossible not to hear her cries. The second prophet of Amou turned to his companions; the procession came to a standstill, and, as some of the priests went nearer to the body, the father cried in a loud voice:

the body, the father cried in a loud voice:
"Away, away from the plague-stricken!
Our first born is dead!"
The mother, meanwhile, had snatched the lantern from her little daughter, and, holding it so as to throw a light on the face of the dead boy, she shrieked out:

"The god hath suffered it to come to pass. Yea, even under our own roof. But it is not his will, but the curse of the stranger in the land that has come over us and our lives. Behold, this was our first born; and two temple servants have likewise been taken. One is dead already; he is lying in our little One is dead already; he is lying in our little room yonder; and there—see, there lies young Ramus, the grandson of Rameri, the star-reader. We heard the old man calling, star-reader. We heard the old man calling, and saw what was happening, but who can hold another man's house up when his own is falling about his ears? Beware while it is yet time, for the gods have opened even the temple gates to the abomination, and it the whole world should perish I should not be whose world should perish I should not be whose world should perish I should not be whose should perish I should not be whose should not such fluids as her whole world should perish I should not be whose should not should perish I should not be whose should not should perish I should not be whose should not should perish I should not be whose should not should perish I should not be whose should not shou whole world should perish I should not be surprised and never complain—certainly. not. My lords and priests, I am but a poor and humble woman, but am I not in the right when I ask: Areour gods asleep, that a magic spell has bound them? Or what are they doing, and where are they, that they leave us and our children in the power of the rills Habrer rease?"

Medocs, Burgundies and sparkling wines? I am fondest of the grand crus of Sauterne, or those Bordeaux that have bouquet, limpidity and the transparent color of a ruby, but champagne is at the head of all of them as a social wine. Let me tell you, then, of grape gathering as it goes on in valleys or

the vile Hebrew race?"

"Down with them! Down with the strangers! They are magicians; into the sea with Mesu, * the sorcerer!"

As an echo follows a cry, so did these im-

As an echo follows a cry, so did these imprecations follow the woman's curse, and Hornecht, the old astrologer's son-in-law, Captain of the archers, whose blood boiled over at the sight of his dying, fair young nephew, brandished his short sword and cried in a frenzy of rage: "Follow me, every man who has a neart! At them! Life for life! Ten Hebrews for each Egyptian whom their orcerer has killed!"

As a flock will rush into the fire if only the ram leads the way, the crowd flocked to follow the noble warrior. The women pushed in front of the men, thronging the doorway, and as the servants of the sanctuary hesitated

crowd hurried through the streets of the

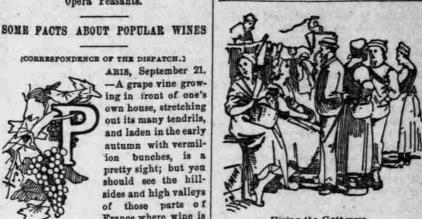


Or did his senses deceive him? Was it

His large estates lay, like the houses and



The same black grape which was the mother of those dark wines yields at present the juice for that pale kind which in its sparkling state ranks uppermost in the estimation of the wine consuming public. The grapes of Ay, Epernay, and elsewhere that champagne is made, has to be passed very rapidly from the press to avoid all fermentation in the berries and all coloring of the must. The must is not immediately barreled, but lies from 12 to 24 hours in the vats so that it may deposit all its coarser dregs; then it is drawn into scrupulously elean and sulphured barrels. In these the wine generally fer-Singing to and From Work Like Comic



ments until Christmas. If rich in sugar this fermentation will progress very slow-ly, and will be the more rapid the less sugary particles the must contains.

STORING THE WINE. Medocs, Burgundies and sparkling wines? In the second half of December the wine is drawn off for the first time, without taking any notice of the particular state of the atmosphere. Now is the time to mix the different qualities. After this operation the wine is cleared with gelatine or Ising glass, and then drawn off again through a double sieve of hair and silk, which is grape gathering as it goes on in valleys or placed on the funnel. Generally speaking, very little gelatine is used; but in most among the hills, where sparkling wines par excellence are produced, and of which Ay,

vagabonds. The rascals tramp in separate bands, and frighten the country people, from whom they exact food and lodging, beyond all endurance. Gendarmes are few in number, and if all the scamps were caught their captors would be puzzled to know where to put them. At Ay these gentry establish themselves on the banks of the canal; and it is a strange sight to see them in their improvised camps of an afterthe canal; and it is a strange sight to see them in their improvised camps of an after-noon. Some are washing their clothes or hanging them to dry on bushes; others are cooking stolen potatoes over fires of wood sneaked from adjacent vineyards, and some are stretched out on the earth asleep or playing with dogs—resting themselves for the exploits of the night to come. A cer-tain number or through the town under the the exploits of the night to come. A certain number go through the town under the pretext of searching for work, but in reality to beg—here a piece of bread, there money or liquor; they are always insolent and menacing, to old people.

In the daytime pickets are placed wherever the necessity is felt, and at night the inhabitants take up arms and guard their vineyards. It is imprudent to go from Epernay to Ay og vice versa—a distance of two miles at most—without a good revolver. Every few moments a shadow emerges from the hedge, and asks you the time or for a light, and talking is heard under the bridges where the gangs take refuge when it looks rainy.

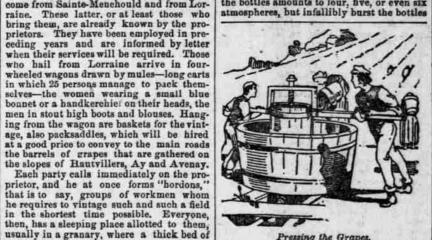
their vineyards. It is imprudent to go from Epernay to Ay or vice versa—a distance of two miles at most—without a good revolver. Every few moments a shadow emerges from the hedge, and asks you the time or for a light, and talking is heard under the bridges where the gangs take refuge when it looks rainy.

OF THE REAL WORKERS.

The greater number belong in the district or are from the environs. Laboring men and women from Epernay and Rheims quit their regular occupation and come to the vineyards where they can earn more than usual. There are also a good many who come from Sainte-Menehould and from Lor
or the imprudent to go cases a little tannin in the liquid state is added to the wine as a preservative against various maladies. By the month of March it is all in bottles, and six weeks after it becomes brisk. The sediment that collects in the neck of the horizontal bottles has then to be removed by taking out the corks, emptying part of it and adding fresh wine. In July and August the hundreds of thousands of bottles that are stored in the limestone cellars at Ay and Epernay and Rheims fly and shatter by scores, and workmen have to good with wice masks on to try and stop the popular effervescence.

The pressure which this gas exercises in the bottles amounts to four, five, or even six

come from Sainte-Menchould and from Lor- | the bottles amounts to four, five, or ev



when it attains the height of seven or eight atmospheres. As to the sparkling capacity of the wine, it is generally the case that the kind of wine which explodes loudest sparkles but little when standing in the At 3 o'clock in the morning reveille sounds, but already the market place, or the square in front of the Mayor's' office, is crowded. It is the time of hiring, and those overseers of the vineyards whose "hordons" giass; whereas, on the other hand, the wine that sparkles briskly and lively explodes with but a weak sound. The temperature the wine is kept in is all-important, for the are not yet complete, come here to get the men and women they need, or the mules and wagons that they are in want of. Wages and prices are established according to the higher it is the easier the carbonic acid de-velops itself. Champagne that has been placed on ice for a considerable time will not foam at all; and in all Paris there is not a number of hands seeking employment.
These recompenses vary from one year to
another. In 1888 wages went down as low
as 1 franc, while in the previous year 5 or 6
francs were paid. The porters of casks are single restaurant or hotel where you can find champagne on ice ready for immediate use. HENRY HAYNIE,

HE CALLED THE TURN.

A Congressman's Smart Boy Jokes at the Old Man's Expense. St. Louis Republic.]

Ex-Congressman John J. O'Neill has bright boy who is a veritable son of his father, in that he knows a good story when he hears it. The other day O'Neill pere was in one of his most joeular moods, and rattled off a string of conundrums and anecdotes for the deelctation of the lad. Finally the little fellow looked up and go, stout porters at the head of the column, and they sing love songs, patriotic songs and ditties.

"Indeed, I won't. Squirrels are very un-

pleasant house pets. Go out to the Zoo when you want to see 'em, but we can't be bothered with such things at home."
"Well," said the lad with a twinkle in his eye as he got out of reach, "I've got to have something to crack your chestnuts and I thought a gray squirrel would do it."

Objected to a Syndicate.



cove. This work is all done by candle light, and so the entire night passes, divided between the working of the press, which is filled and refilled, and games of all sorts, largely dosed with red wine.

Nearly all the wine produced in the champagne district is known as the sparkling kind, and very little red wine exists in move on. I am't commerce any more from that part of France.

I heard a minister say that during the

LEARNED TO WRITE AT 65.

Civil War he was preaching to a congrega-tion in a little country town in Pennsyl-vania, and among his members was a woman 65 years old who had a son in the army. She was telling the elergyman, one day when he called at her house, how glad she'd be if she knew how to write, for there were so many

knew how to write, for there were so many family secrets that she did not like to divulge when dictating a letter to be sent to her boy. The parson said:
"My good woman, 'never too old to learn,' why not learn to write?"

To his surprise she immediately brought him some foolscap and asked him "to write her some copies," which he did, and in three months from that time he had occasion to call at her house, and to his utter astonishment she brought him a plainly written letter to read that she intended for her son. An indefatigable will, perseverance and love for her son accomplished what she desired, in spite of the drawbacks of old age.

ENTIRELY TOO LITERAL

Tommy Jones was not a very bright boy, and when his teacher, at the close of school one afternoon, told him he must write a



write a composition on the pump, Mr. Jones burst out in a hearty laugh, much to Tommy's surprise.

An explanation followed and the boy jumped down from the pump and started for school, convinced that he needn't sit on a pump to write a composition on a pump or about a pump.

A BALD HEADED ISLAND.

Peculier Origin of the Name of a Monky Isla in the Sound.

Unawares.

was asked.
"Mrs. Vetta is not in at present," was the

very truthful answer.

"Can you tell us when she will be in?"

"Just as soon as she finishes washing the front door steps," she replied with a merry laugh, disclosing her identity at the same time.

BACILLI ON BALD HEADS. Microbes That Eat the Hair and Make the

Scalp Smooth. Saymonne claims to have isolated bacillus, called by him "bacillus crini-

vorax," which is the cause of alopecia. It is, he says, found only on the scalp of man, other hirsute parts of the body and also the fur of animals being free from it. The bacilli invade the hair-follicles and make the hair very brittle so that they break off to the skin. Then the roots themselves are attacked. If the microbes can be destroyed early in the disease, the vitality of the hairs may be preserved, but after the follicles are invaded and all their structures injured the baldness is incurable.

baldness is incurable.

The following is Dr. Saymonne's remedy to prevent baldness: Ten parts crude cod liver oil, ten parts of the expressed juice of onions, five parts of mucilage and the yolk of an egg are thoroughly shaken together and the mixture applied to the scalp, and well rubbed in, once a week. This, he asserts, will certainly bring back the hair if the roots are not already destroyed, but the application of the remedy must be very distressing to the patient's friends and neighbors.

A PRINCE OF ACTORS.

Edwin Booth's Unique Position on the American Stage.

WHAT HE HAS DONE FOR HIS ART.

Young Edwin's First Appearance Behind The Footlights.

HIS PATHER'S PECULIAR CRITICISM

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. The actor is born, not made. He may be prude, a novice, but still an actor. Edwin crude, a novice, but still an actor. Edwin Booth combines the genius of nature, with the power of an educated, artistic tragedian. "The advent of genius," says the wise Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, "is like what forists style the breaking of a seedling tulip into what we might call high casts coloration of what we might call high casts coloration of what are called gift enterprises." "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely playera." What a world this would be if all the actors were to act like Edwin Booth! Our standard would be raised, that is all—the theater would fall, and Shakespeare's Hamlet become commonplace. Because there is but one Booth in all the great world of actors, here worship falls in its right place.

and when his teacher, at the close of some one afternoon, told him he must write a a composition on the pump to-morrow, he took her at her word. The next morning, therefore, instead of starting to school at the usual hour, he mounted the big wooden box pump in the yard, and with his slate on his knees began to write the desired composition,

But Tommy's father happening to pass that way discovered him and asked why he is king, most most properlied that the teacher had told him to replied that the teacher had told him to the start of the change in the programme only a functional part of the change in the programme only a function of the change in the programme only a functionally but with apparent indicate, asked him if he knew that he was posed to have been riding far and hurles, sir." "Where are your start the young actor had the contract of the change in the programme only a functionally but with apparent indicates the place. Because there is all the great world of actors, here were all sit in its right place.

Just 40 years ago Edwin Booth made his debut on the stage. His father was then acting in Boston and Edwin was in attendance as dresser. One of the actors wishing to avoid his duty for the evening, persuade Edwin to take his part, all without the minutes before the curtain rose. "Fool was all he mid. As Edwin was ready take his part, his eccentric father, view him critically, but with apparent indicates the place.

But Tommy's father happening to pass that way discovered him and asked why he was not off to school. And when the boy of the change in the programme only a function of the change in the programme only a function of the change in the programme only a function of the change in the programme only a function of the change in the programme only a function of the change in the programme only a function of the change in the programme only a function of the change in the programme only a function of the change in the programme only a function of the change in the programme only a function of the chan

THE ELDER BOOTH'S PECULIARITIES

The name of Louis Mathot will go thundering down to the ages, not in history, perhaps, but in geography. An uncommon honor has been paid to the genial French lawyer Louis Mathot in the christening of an island. You may not find Mathot Island on any existing chart, but it will doubtless appear in the due course of time. It is in the Sound, not far from City Island, and it now boasts two inhabitants, a man and a very tall flagstaff, from which the French tri-color floats under the Stars and Stripes.

Mathot Island is a rugged rock, nearly oval in shape. It is a favorite resort for a small number of enthusiastic fishermen, including several members of the French colony. One of these gentlemen thought that the outline of the island was like that of Mr. Mathot's bald head, and this marked resemblance resulted in the formal baptism of Mathot Island. Of course Mr. Mathot that he would not lose for all the world. It is one of the great sights of the French under the strate of the five is any one thing he is proud of it is of that shiny pate that he would not lose for all the world. It is one of the great sights of the French pate in politics as President of the French Democratic Union.

EXPECTED IN SOON.

A Party of Visitors Who Caught the Hestess Unawarea.

Washington Post.]

Of America's actor we can ask no greater happed and sadvantures, left a gloom on his insturally melancholy temperament, but the sunderings strange and sad adventures, left a gloom on his naturally melanchy temperament, but the sunturally melanchy temperament, but the sentent in the sentent of the melanchy temperament, but the sentent of thought and entury. This greatest Gall his father in all his wanderings, attained and sadvantures, left a gloom on his naturally melanchy temperament, but the sentent of shakespeare's halt have the mean and adventures, left a gloom on his naturally melanchy temperament, but the sentent of Shakespeare's haunted of Shakespeare's haunted prince—a noble moral natural mented in the melanchy temperament, but the mean of

tective cross." Washington Post.)

All the music lovers of Washington know the brilliant contralto, Lizzie Maonichol (Mrs. Frank Vetta). It is only a few months ago since she gave up her Washington home to go to the one her husband provided for her in Philadelphia. Like the plain, matter-of-fact little woman she is, she plunges into the mysteries and duties of housekeeping with a perfect delight. The change from stage life to domesticity is always halled by her with joy. She does not hesitate even to arm herself with a brush and scrub off the white marble hearth stones, those lares and penates which do duty for doorsteps all over Philadelphia.

She was engaged in that soulful occupation one morning not long ago, with a hand-kerchief tied down around her head in the good old way she learned in Washington, when a party of her well friends drove up. "Is Mrs. Vetta in?" the supposed servant was asked.

"Mrs. Vetta is not in at present," was the BOOTH'S MAGNITISM. tions he has resisted, we reward the hero worship, while he, with his goodness and his genius, in the old story book of lite, illustrates the pages with the glories of art.

M. M.

Looking for Lost Lots.

Philadelphia Inquirer.! Eastern Capitalist—Yes, I've got some money to invest, but where are your lots? Western Boomer-Jest wait a minute, stranger, till I get two diving suits and we'll go down and look at 'em. Been a purty wes

ason, you know.



Scars (the cowboy)-Can't jest now, podner. This stranger's got th' drop on me with th' infernalist gun you ever see.—